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# OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

NORWAY. (Maine,) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 10, 1827.

[NO. 132.]

## THE REPOSITORY.

[From the Albany Ecclitior.]

### THE MARCH OF MASONRY.

Hail, Masonry! to noble deeds inclined,  
Thy glorious march hath joined the march  
of mind;

From time remote, thy splendid Ark hath  
stood;

From time remote, thy splendid Ark hath  
stood,

Thro' years to come, the glorious Ark shall  
stand,

Thro' years to come shall march the brilliant  
band,

Till your bright sun shall lose his radiant  
light,

And the whole universe shall sink in night.

Three thousand years have gone  
down the tide of time, since Masonry  
began her glorious march. The whirl-

winds of war have passed over the earth,  
spreading desolation and death—the  
monuments of grandeur have crumbled  
into dust—the sceptre hath fallen from  
the palsied arm of the monarch; yea,

kings have tumbled from their lofty  
thrones, and empires have passed away,  
in the splendid drama of destruction,  
since the sublime edifice of Masonry  
first dipped its spire in the clouds and  
shed its brilliance on the benighted bo-

dom of the world. Hand in hand with  
science it hath kept its march, amid the  
melancholy ruins of ages, and it hath  
triumphed over the bulwarks of opposi-

tion in every age and in every clime.

The prejudice of bigotry and the tyr-  
anny of ignorance have fled before it, as  
the shades of night before the orient  
orb of day. The lamp of Masonry  
hath illuminated with its light the dark-

est night of time, and was instrumental  
in dispelling the gloom which once hung  
on the furrow of learning. While the  
Eleusinian, and all the mysteries of  
ancient Egypt, have been submerged  
and slept in the dark vortex of oblivion,

those of Masonry have survived, and  
will flourish, perhaps, until time shall  
tumble over the precipice of empires,  
and be lost in the ruins of a thousand  
centuries. What religion is to the  
Christian world, Masonry is to the mor-

al; and in her march we behold some  
of the noblest attributes of nature. Not  
more grand and glorious is the blue  
pillared arch which encircles the uni-

verse—not more beautiful and sublime  
is the rainbow in the east, where justice  
and mercy meet, than the glorious gal-

axy of benevolence and charity. Found-  
ed on the noblest principles of human  
nature, the Ark of Masonry can never  
be moved. The storm of passion may  
beat against it—the thunders of tyr-

annical denunciation may endeavor to sub-  
vert it—but it will stand in its own na-

tivity—unhurt by the demons  
of ignorance and darkness. The anti-

quity of the institution—the long and  
splendid march of Masonry and the in-

numerable sons of genius who have  
joined her ranks, all prove her glory  
and substantiate her worth. Look on the  
pages of history for the confirmation,

and see how the glory of the world hath  
passed away, and how the mighty of the  
earth, with splendid kingdoms, have  
fallen while Masonry hath marched  
through her own blood, to her present  
magnificence and triumphant victory.

Where now are the trophies of gran-

deur and magnificence which once adorn-

ed Egypt and Judea? They are amid  
the undistinguished wreck of ages.

Where now are the glittering towers of  
Troy, in which the destroyers of the  
house of Priam were welcomed by the  
Spartan dame? Where now is the  
Trojan hero, who was dragged by the  
wrathful son of Pelens at his chariot  
wheels? Alas, the mighty Hector and  
the dreadful Achilles are no more—they  
are buried beneath the cenotaph of  
time—they live but on the pages of  
Iliad.

Look from the summit of Parnassus  
and behold Greece in her glory, the  
garden of the globe, and the land of So-

lon and Lycurgus. Listen to the im-

mortal strains of Homer, and the sub-

lime eloquence of Demosthenes. Ob-

serve Philip of Macedonia, as he vanishes  
in the vortex of revolutions, and his  
daring son, as he plucks the diadem from  
the brow of the Persian warrior. See  
Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, alternately  
holding the reins of the empire, and the  
whirlwind of faction driving the wheels  
of destruction round the land. Where  
now is the glory of ancient Greece?

Where now is the land of science and of  
song? Where now are her victorious  
armies—her brave warriors—her illus-

trious statesmen—her immortal poets?  
They have gone down the rapid tide of  
time. They have ceased to exist but in  
the scroll of fame. Beneath the ven-

geance of Rome they were swept away,  
and where now is Greece? From the  
grasp of the torrid Turk she is strug-

gling to be free, and the hour must ere  
long arrive when it shall be accom-

plished.

ed. But even with freedom, she has  
fallen. The lamp of learning has  
been extinguished, and darkness rests  
upon the bosom of her land. Gothic  
ignorance now dwells on the bosom of  
oriental greatness. The traveller pon-

ders as he wanders through the elysian  
scenes of Greece, to muse upon the  
mutability of grandeur, and he views  
the noiseless serpent, as it crawls over  
fragments of ancient architecture.

From her hundred towers, behold  
Rome waving her sceptre over sub-

jugated Greece. On the banks of the  
almost fabled Tiber, see her in all her  
splendor. She is the mighty mistress of  
the world, and on her walls are waving  
the flags of all nations. The mighty  
Hannibal lifted his arm against her, but  
she crushed it; and Carthage, in whose  
walls Queen Dido entertained Aeneas,  
fell before her. Caesar then lived. His  
path was conquest, and dreadful was the  
fate of that warrior who dared the ven-

geance of his arm. But where now is  
Caesar? He is murdered. Where is the  
rival Pompey, the hero of Pharsa-

lia? He is murdered. Where is Cicero,  
whose thunders of eloquence shook  
the forum, and struck terror to the  
hearts of tyrants? He is murdered. Where  
is Seneca, and where is Cato? The one  
has fallen a victim to a tyrant, and the  
other to himself, that he might escape  
the torturing ruins of his country. And  
mighty Rome, where is she? She has  
tumbled over the precipice of faction,  
and is lost in the whirlpool of anarchy.  
A barbarian torrent has over-

run the blooming gardens of Italy, and  
the red arms of the Goth and the Vandal  
have prostrated her forever. The foot-

step of Caesar has been effaced from the  
soil of England, and Rome has been a  
prey to the dreadful tiger of Corsica.

France plunged in the labyrinth of a  
bloody revolution, arrests the attention.  
Behold that same Napoleon, who was  
once opposed to, but afterwards embrac-

ed the principles of Masonry, as he rises  
like a giant from his slumbers, and seats  
himself on the throne of the Bourbons.

He arose—he conquered—he flourish-

ed. He pointed the thunder of his ar-

tillery at Italy, and she fell before him.  
He levied his lightnings at Spain, and  
she trembled to the centre of her throne.  
He sounded the knell of vengeance on  
the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe  
was at his feet. He was greater than  
Caesar; he was greater than Alexander.  
But where now is the French Emperor?  
Where now is Napoleon Bonaparte? He  
wears no longer the crown of the  
Bourbons. He has fallen from the  
throne of the Czars on which he seated  
himself at Moscow. The tremendous  
military drama has closed, and the great  
tragedian has left the stage forever.  
His race was short but it was glorious.  
It was like the brilliant star that twink-

les on the horizon for a moment, and  
disappears. The lion of England has  
triumphed over the Tiger of Corsica, but  
his fame is immortal.

Amid the ruins of empires, we behold  
poor, unhappy Poland. She was divid-

ed, and fought against herself. She has  
conquered her own empire, but she has  
not enjoyed the spoils. The Austrian,  
Russian, and Prussian standards are  
waving above the walls of Warsaw.

They have performed one of the most  
unparalleled deeds that ever came forth  
from the womb of time. They have  
dismembered one of the most powerful  
kingdoms on earth, with the same facili-

ty that they would have divided the  
trophies of war. The sun of glory has  
set behind the hills of Poland,—forever  
a melancholy example of faction and  
anarchy. Poland, once powerful, is a  
kingdom no longer. Switzerland, whose  
Alpine scenery has delighted mankind  
even in desolation, is but little superior  
to Poland. The glory of William Tell  
has departed, and is no longer known  
but in tradition.

Where now is the glory of Spain and  
her invincible armada, with which she  
attempted to conquer England? Where  
is Charles V. and where is Philip II.?

Where is the reeking hand of Alva and  
the bloody Inquisition? Ye Gods! where  
now is the power of Spain? Wealth  
has made her poor; and with her sister  
Portugal, she will ever remain contem-

ptible. Spain has a name to live, but she  
is eternally dead. The bigotted, tyr-  
annical Ferdinand, now sways her sceptre  
on a throne of blood—yea, on a throne  
deluged with the tears and gore of un-

offending innocence. View the scroll of  
Masonry, and his name will be found  
written in human blood. The cries of  
his victims have ascended to Heaven for  
vengeance, from the rack and the wheel;  
the curse of Masonry is upon his detest-

ed head.

Thus from remote antiquity, through  
these countries, hath Masonry kept her  
march, unobscured by the bigotry of ig-

norance and tyranny, but gathering  
strength amid the fall of kingdoms, and  
the ruin of empires. She hath passed  
through Spain, and her footsteps in blood  
are still visible on the strand from  
whence she embarked on the stormy  
sea. Chains and dungeons still await  
her followers who have lingered on that  
despotic shore; and the rack and the  
wheel still stream with the blood of her  
illustrious sons. But the voice of tyr-

anny hath died on the western wind.  
The Ark in safety hath landed fair Ma-

sonry on the shores of Freedom, where  
the Goddess of Liberty welcomed her  
to her gardens, and aided her in erect-

ing her sublime temple. Climb to the  
summit of yon blue mountain, on which  
the grey clouds rest in majestic gran-

deur, and from thence survey the glitter-

ing spires and lofty fabrics of Mason-

ry, which lift their heads to the Heavens,  
and adorn the beautiful gardens of this  
modern Greece. How beautiful doth  
the Genius of Masonry stand all lonely  
amid the sublimities and solitudes of the  
western wild, and views the great sym-

bol of light, the sun as he sinks in his  
flaming car into the waveless ocean of  
space. Her glorious march is now com-

pleted—she hath descended from the  
oriental ages and eastern nations, and  
hath disseminated her light in the west  
—that light must now shine until the  
end of time. Hand in hand with Lib-

erty she now unfurls the white banner of  
peace and innocence, and establishes the  
empire of Christian benevolence, where  
the Indian, in his idolatry, once bowed  
his knees to the setting sun and offered  
up his human sacrifice to the Great  
Spirit of storms and darkness. Aided  
by the light of Masonry, in conjunction  
with that of science, and all those bril-

liant luminaries which once illuminated  
Greece and Rome, America will ere  
long astonish mankind, and outstrip the  
world in the glorious march of mind.

[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]

### THE DROWNED HARPOONER.

Many and strange are the accidents  
and adventures that attend those am-

phibious beings who traverse the out-

stretched world of waters in quest of  
Ocean's unctuous monarch. But the  
most perilous incidents are encountered  
by those daring mariners, who are en-

gaged in the capture of that species of  
whale yeled *Spermaceti*—pursuing the  
greasy monster throughout all his favor-

ite haunts and retreats in the broad and  
fathomless Pacific. In general, the un-

wieldy leviathan exhibits no symptoms  
of a choleric temperament; and appears  
altogether unconscious of the systemat-

ic warfare so zealously waged upon his  
tribe, by the insignificant occupant of  
the superincumbent element. He knows  
nothing of their long and laborious cru-

sades in machines moved by wind—he  
dreams not of their eggshell shippings,  
in which, bent on death, and armed with  
the piercing javelin, fastened to endless  
cords, they pull themselves into his im-

mediate presence—nor does he often  
bend the slight skiff, as it slides towards  
him like a six-legged knot along the  
ceiling, bearing in its prow the athletic  
boatester, whose brawny hands uphold  
and aim the glittering dart. Yet when  
the barbed lance stings him in the shoul-

der, or the horn of his enemy, the  
sword-fish, perforates his rotund and  
oleaginous sides, no exasperated demon  
could evince stronger indications of  
wrath, rage and madness. At first, he  
plunges incontinent into the deep abyss  
—then, wheeling upward, he urges his  
immense body at full length into the air,  
lashing with his ample flukes the foaming  
wave, and rending to atoms every sub-

stance within his reach.

In the month of December, the sum-

mer of the southern hemisphere, a Nan-

tucket ship was cruising for whales on  
the coast of Chili. Nothing could ex-

ceed the placid smoothness of the seas,  
or the pellucid azure of the overhang-

ing firmament. There was just enough  
of motion in the atmosphere to propel  
the vessel in her course, and to invigo-

rate her crew with the spirit of enter-

prise. Every sail was set, and every  
bosom swelled with the hope of a speed-

ily accomplishment of the object of their  
expedition. The continent, and all the  
usual abodes of mortals, were far, far  
away. Home, and its sweet endearments,  
were remembered as a by-gone vision;  
and considered in the future, as saints  
think of Heaven. The occasional  
scream of an albatross, circlings in the  
blue expanse—the monotonous dash of  
the ship's stem through the scarcely re-

sisting waters—intermingled with the  
varied tones of a few human voices con-

versing familiarly on deck, were the  
only sounds which distinguished that re-

gion from the primeval realm of  
“Silence coeval with Eternity.”

Suddenly, a hollow, hissing excreta-

tion, like the blast of a brazier's fur-

nace, or the sigh of a dying volcano,  
broke upon the ready ears of the sea-

men. A cry from the mast-head an-

nounced the appearance of their prey;  
and at the same instant the crew found  
themselves surrounded on all sides by  
an extensive shoal of whales flound-

ering, and spouting, and blowing, like  
so many English trumpeters at the battle  
of Waterloo. Forthwith, 3 boats were  
lowered, manned, and supplied with all  
the usual paraphernalia, harpoons, lan-

ces, towlines, waifs, oars and paddles;  
with a sail, a bag of bread and a keg of  
water to each. They had but a short  
distance to row, ere they came in con-

tact with their mighty enemy.—The  
boats were severally commanded by the  
shipmaster and two of his mates, assist-

ed by their respective boatsteerers, to  
whom the duty of striking the whale is  
ordinarily assigned. The larboard waist  
boat, under the second mate's direction,  
contained in its bow an active young  
man, who had obtained the esteem of  
all his shipmates, and whom we shall  
introduce to our readers under the name  
of Jonah Coffin. Poising his harpoon,  
he firmly awaited the orders of his su-

perior, then seated in the boat's stern.  
Before him, forcing itself furiously on-

ward, was a huge and uncouth mass, al-

ternately emitting from its glossy protu-

berances the sparkling effulgence of a  
meridian sun, or partially descending  
below the temporary surge, forming lit-

tle vortices in its wake, and puffing from  
its nostrils the enroaching brine. Long  
and patiently did the oarsmen tug at  
their stations—“pull away,” said the  
officer encouragingly—while he drew  
towards him the handle of his steering-

oar. The very eye of the monster was  
now in sight—“now dart,” exclaimed  
the mate; and Jonah, with the effort of  
a Polyphemus, drove the fatal weapon  
fast into the body of his gigantic antag-

onist.

It was an awful moment; and the ad-

venturous fishers had made every cus-

tomary preparation for its approach.  
But the object of their toil, instead of  
dropping instantaneously into the depths  
beneath, thence again to emerge, after  
some moments, for the sake of breath—  
or instead of starting off horizontally, as  
is frequently the case, with the ve-

locity of lightning, dragging his pre-

sumptuous pursuers through the dispart-

ing wave, which throws swiftly upon  
either side of their frail pinnace a  
transparent sheet of spray, surmounted  
by gorgeous rainbows—rolled backward,  
and with preternatural frenzy made for  
the boat—his enormous jaws distended  
to their utmost limits; and his tremen-

dous tail now curving upward, and vi-

brating like a lighthouse in an earth-

quake, and anon falling with horrid flap  
upon the level bosom of the sounding  
deep. The astonished sailors were in-

stinctively about to rush overboard,  
when with a convulsive bound,—it was  
the leap of a mountain—the lacerated  
monster sprang entirely over the boat,  
his unearthly dimensions striking prin-

ciially upon the opposite side, and partly  
upon the fragile thing itself, spilling its  
contents, and grinding its frame to splin-

ters.

The men were all good swimmers,  
and, save one, betook themselves with-

out farther calculation, and with exem-

plary precipitancy, to the profitable ex-

ercise of their arms and legs—whereby  
they soon reached the boats of their  
comrades, and were out of danger.

Not so with poor Jonah. In the tumult  
of the moment, he had become entan-

gled in the tortuous coil attached to his  
harpoon. Not an instant had been al-

lowed him, wherein he might have seized  
the hatchet, or unsheathed his jack-

knife, and freed himself from so ungra-

ceous a predicament. He felt himself  
drawn, by an irresistible power, down

down, amidst interminable caverns, and  
bottomless profundities. What grate-

fully surprised him, was his ability still to  
breathe, and to see. Passing with the  
rapidity of thought, along immeasur-

able distances, he had opportunities to  
scan but a few of the wonders of those  
vast gulfs. Here lay an extensive for-

est of coral, inhabited by shapes inde-

scribable—there moved an immense  
mass of gelatinous matter, encompassed  
by myriads of submarine prodigies, to  
piscivorous man hitherto unknown. The  
sea devil, with his emerald horns; the  
tartarean crab with a million of claws,  
each a furlong in length; the ponder-

ous symmesian oyster, whose shell opens  
wide enough to admit a seventy-four;  
the thousand-eyed dragon, whose head,  
studded with dazzling gems, and whose  
every eye, set in countless diamonds,  
may be seen at the depth of five hundred  
fathoms; sea-gorgons, hydras, grills,  
phoenixes, and all manner of beautiful  
reptiles, were quietly feeding, or fro-

licking without noise, in those unsearch-

able regions.

And here, some philosophers may be  
disposed to obtrude a doubt, touching  
honest Jonah's capacity of vision and of  
respiration the while. But let it be in-

quired, whether so huge a body, dart-

ing through the sea with such outrag-

eous celerity, may not have left behind  
a sort of vacuity, affording a medium  
wherein the little animal in his rear  
might exercise those faculties? And  
regarding the accelerated progress of  
this monster, it may be aptly accounted  
for on purely philosophical principles;  
every body knows how fast a dog will  
run with a tin kettle—\* \* \*

But to our tale—let us hasten to the  
catastrophe. After being carried to such  
lengths, and in such a manner, our al-

most exhausted hero, found himself on  
the ascent. His wild and turbulent con-

ductor was again mounting to the upper  
world. Embracing a moment of respite,  
while the whale was in the act of turn-

ing upon its side, he sought his knife—but in  
vain—a new motion disturbed him—he  
was waved to and fro with an impetuous  
regularity—his lungs labored, and his  
sight grew indistinct—his breath went,  
and came, and went, to return not with-

out inhaling also a draught of the saline  
fluid.—Alas! thought he, I am drowned!  
Foggy images floated on his brain, and  
gradually faded into utter obfuscation.

He awoke on the quarter deck of his  
own ship, under the operation of stimu-

lative cordials and warm towels; having  
been cast upon the surface during the  
whale's dying struggle, and picked up  
near the place of his descent, by his  
anxious comrades—to whom he was  
shortly enabled to lend a hand in cutting  
in and trying out his ninety-barrelled  
tormentor.

PROPHETCY, A. D. 1000.

[Translated, from the German, by Goff.]

When I take a strict examination of  
the quality and situation of the heavenly  
bodies, I find in all the regions, by the  
movements of the stars, that this mighty  
empire shall remain under its present  
government a long time, until the year  
A. D. 1796. Then will a hero, through  
manhood and virility, reach the two  
headed eagle and conduct the empire  
praiseworthy, and conquer the sur-

rounding nations with most desperate  
sway; and continue to conquer till after  
the commencement of the 19th century;  
then he will fall, a general peace be es-

tablished till A. D. 1827. Then will  
confusion and rebellion begin in all  
quarters. Then will the rebellion raise  
against the two headed eagle; then will  
the white swan and a powerful eagle  
from a dark valley in the West unite  
and rise fiercely against him and con-

quer him and rule the empire many  
years, till the Almighty God with his  
unchangeable wisdom will make an end  
thereof. Then will



	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY,	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
FEBRUARY,	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28			
MARCH,	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
APRIL,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MAY,	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
JUNE,	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
JULY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	29	30	31				
AUGUST,	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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SEPTEMBER,	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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OCTOBER,	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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	28	29	30	31			
NOVEMBER,	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
DECEMBER,	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					

Wednesday last being the day fixed by the Constitution for the meeting of the Legislature, a quorum of the members elected appeared in each House, and proceeded to organize the two branches about eleven o'clock.

The Senate was called to order by Mr. DENNETT, of York, who presided till the choice of President.

The House was called to order by Mr. FILLERBROW, of Winthrop, and Mr. ADAMS, of Portland, was appointed Chairman.

The usual messages then passed between the two Houses and the Governor, after which a convention was formed in the Representative chamber, and the Governor came in and administered the oaths required by the Constitution.

After the two branches of the Legislature separated, they proceeded to the choice of officers.

In the Senate, the committee appointed to receive and count the votes for President, reported that the whole number of votes were 17—Robert P. Dunlap, Esq. had 2, Reuel Williams, Esq. had 7, and Mark Dennet, Esq. had 4; no choice. A like result was had at the two succeeding ballots. On the fourth ballot Mr. Dunlap had 9, Mr. Williams 7, and Mr. Dennet 1. Whereupon Robert P. Dunlap, Esq. was declared elected.

The Senate then proceeded to the choice of a Secretary. The whole number of votes was 17; Ebenezer Hutchinson, Esq. had 12, and was declared elected.

In the House, the committee appointed to receive and count the votes for Clerk, reported the whole number given, to be 131. James L. Child, Esq. had 131, and was elected. A Committee was then appointed to receive and count the votes for Speaker. The whole number of votes was 140; Jany Rutgers, Esq. had 75 and was declared elected.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4.

The Committee appointed to invite the attendance of the several ordained Clergymen of Portland, upon the House as chaplains, &c. reported that they had performed the service, and that the Reverend Gentlemen would comply with the wishes of the House.

The joint Committee appointed to examine the returns of votes for Governor from the several towns and plantations in this State, reported that the whole number given in, was 21,063 votes—necessary to a choice 10,532—that EXOCH LINCOLN, Esq. had 20,638 votes, and is duly chosen GOVERNOR of the STATE OF MAINE—that the votes returned from Bristol, Thorndike, Wayne, Deamark, Dixfield, Charlotte, Alexander, Howland, Hermon, Canaan, Weld, Mt. Desert, Starks, Dutton, and from the plantations of Appleton, No. 7 Washington Co. Thompson Pond, Fryeburg Academy Lande, No. 1 first Range Oxford County, No. 2 first Range Somerset County, and Sunkenaw, for reasons stated in their report, were rejected by the Committee—and the report was accepted in concurrence with the Senate.

An Order came from the Senate appointing Messrs. Stebbins, Francis and Dunn, with such as the House may join, a Committee to Inform EXOCH LINCOLN, Esq. that he is duly elected to the office of Governor of the State of Maine, for the current political year, and that the two branches of the Legislature are ready to convene in the Representatives' Chamber, that in their presence he may take the oath of office required by the Constitution, and to receive any communication he may be pleased to make to them—and the House concurred, and Messrs. Mitchell of Portland, Abbot of Castine, Davis of Augusta, Smith of Nobiscow, and Farnsworth of Norridgewock, were joined.

Mr. Mitchell, from the Committee appointed

It would be proper also, here, particularly to notice the inducements to facilitate the communication with the Canians from the Keenebec, if I had not reasons for depending on the public spirited activity and the laudable vigilance over the common interests of the inhabitants along that river, for the dis-

presence of the evil and the dictates of honesty, and of a policy calculated for the good of all seem to me to invite us, the consequences of encouraging wrongful occupation of property, which the records of our courts are constantly exhibiting, clearly prove that in this, in most other cases, the unaccommodating rectitude of justice accomplishes just for the good of mankind.

The citizens, under that improve-  
ment of modern ages which withholds  
prosecution and punishment of crime  
from private vengeance, having commit-  
ted the dispensation of penal law to the  
state, it owes that subject its constant  
attention. Excluding individual pursuit,  
except when under its own sanction,  
it appearing in every case of violent  
injury as a party, seeking to reclaim the

The nature of the circumstances on which a portion of that claim is founded, and the prompt action exhibited at the moment when the apprehension of invasion was roused, are proofs of the mistaken views of those who have reiterated their complaints as to the imperfection of our militia system, and proposed their numberless visions of improvement, among which no one seems to me more dangerous or unnecessary than applying, much farther than the provisions of existing laws warrant, the authority of the United States, already adequate to placing all our troops in actual service, if the constitutional emergencies shall so require. Our citizen soldiers are well armed, equipped and organized, and with the love of honor, and the love of country which prevails among them, are as safely to be relied upon as if disciplined with the most exactness practicable under a peace establishment. Thinking that when we are well we ought to be so far from attempting as not to try rash experiments, I may with diffidence express the hope that we shall not engage in those of a national militia army. There appears to me, however, to be one defect in our regulations on this subject. The private is amenable for efficient penalties, and controlled, in the ultimate resort, by a tribunal, which, being single, preserves uniformity of construction. It is

ing this with legal coats, that, while suits, with jury, or to though suits writs of error prosecution considered pride and tried by a ren, with the of a judge punished the which per he calculation or is hee monstrous remedy. The gest for the fer judgment useful, for equality of sufficient respect small board circuit court ers, to take pensive, at which access ing martial

Obliged and much ment of t might be s ertheless, satisfaction, as every of tended info of my unim able oppor improved to test to which

With a s nominal and capital it m inquire who an extreme ber and c We have ro than satuta poor distre defrauded, the throwi bills, the a little better nothing less of Governo this evil, i should be a at all event the unskill aid against corporation discharge o appointed our banks, merit, whic

The fina will always est with the generally, themselves borious pro not safe to fidential ag discretionar the disbur be directed rogating gu row, defin erment. correctly have acted public con economy. to this subj Treasury K

There is which the (the necess ment or ill such that I a suggestion bility of a cess of sin correcting character of leave it ur thinking fr diffident as sailing the of the wor investigated law rules brounounce them that they ar to custom, Omitting the rectness of evident, I n remarks up being at a belief of a upon it, are it.

You will, past politici have been offered, for w may be app that a legis should be e quest of the superintend and all the suppress an tion, favori executive, rogance and dicial tyran department ed, while to the inco tions, alwa yield a sedu those adva



most efficient measures. of our re- gion of first ed, and it dinary dis- cult to de- dose of our punishment, motive, un- only deter- through our re such as security of not I trust through corrupt nature connected ls, are arg- ed, of guilt. only learn of the ope- ply, to be unbiased by casual re- prove the relative phio- us as the ity. e personal and nothing ed by the taking the despotism, ptness and criminal and viol- and remarks e add, as a ade, while a self do- with it a formidable its own de- opposed on necessarily, it is my ure that I he respon- s on them hose cases ances shall pardoning, the Coun- under the the moral ized by in- n of many o this sub- with these a provi- sion disci- important rocedures true, you id to your aid to the in regard other ob- om a com- unsettled; and sense es of the that they those ser- by its od of dan- the United statesmea the liberal impartial asures, at relations ates, and ment to its not fail, ction and it of the the na- the injus- tizes for icers. It and wel- act, ren- country, out of the is confid- ances on founded, ed at the on of in- of the ave reit- the imper- and pro- of im- ne seems necessary than the rant, the already troops in tutional Our cit- equipped love of y which ely to be with the under a tug that be so far riments, the hope ose of a appears in our the pri- ential, resort, pre- le. It is to the compar-

log this with the odious and futile plan of legal coercion of the officer, we see, that, while each private is the object of suits, without the right of appeal to a jury, or to the recovery of costs, although subjected to them, and also to writs of error, at his own expense, in prosecution or defence, each officer is considered as the being of an honest pride and honorable sentiment, to be tried by a military court of his brethren, with the aid, at the public expense, of a judge advocate, and only to be punished through reprimand or removal, which perhaps, he defies, either because he calculates on the favor of the court, or is heedless of its sentence. This monstrous inequality seems to require a remedy. Allow me, therefore, to suggest for the determination of your better judgment, whether it may not be useful, for the purposes of creating equality of rights and effecting sufficient responsibility, to create a very small board of militia officers, as a circuit court martial, with some new powers, to take the place of the slow, expensive, and heterogeneous tribunals which accomplish but little in establishing martial law or military discipline.

Obliged to offer you my sentiments and much restrained in the development of the reasons by which they might be sustained, I submit them, nevertheless, with great deference and satisfaction, because, as to this as well as every other subject, your more extended information will be a corrective of my unintentional errors, while a suitable opportunity is, at the same time, improved to put those sentiments to the test to which they ought to be exposed.

With a small relative proportion of nominal and much less of actual bank capital it may, nevertheless, be well to inquire whether we have not fallen into an extreme of indulgence as to the number and character of bank charters. We have sometimes seen, and with more than salutary patience, many of the poor distressed, and many of the rich defrauded, injured, and mortified, by the throwing into circulation of bank bills, the counterfeiters of money, and little better than legal forgeries. It is nothing less than the heaviest pressure of Governmental authority will crush this evil, it is believed that pressure should be applied, for this reason, that, at all events, the poor, the honest, and the unskilled are entitled to effectual aid against the oppression of powerful corporations. The able and faithful discharge of duty by the Commissioners appointed to examine the condition of our banks, has led to reports of great merit, which will be laid before you.

The financial concerns of the State will always be a subject of deep interest with the people at large. Earnings, generally, the means of subsistence for themselves and families by slow and laborious processes, and knowing that it is not safe to trust even their chosen, confidential agents within large limits of discretionary power, they will expect the disbursements to be provided for to be directed, not to the objects of an arrogating guardianship, but to the narrow, defined, legitimate objects of government. Under this view, if I am correctly informed, our predecessors have acted, and have conducted the public concerns with an exemplary economy. The particular facts relative to this subject will appear in the annual Treasury Report.

There is another topic, in regard to which the embarrassment arising from the necessity of avoiding much argument or illustration on this occasion is such that I shall not offer you more than a suggestion. I allude to the practicability of a moderate and gradual process of simplifying, systematising, and correcting our laws. The reverend character of the common law does not leave it unexposed to the criticism of thinking freemen; and, cautious and diffident as we must incline to be in assailing the production of many centuries of the world's best labors, he who has investigated the effects of many common law rules here still dominant, will pronounce them to be bad, and will see that they are retained from respect only to custom, to authority, and to antiquity. Omitting the proofs by which the correctness of this idea might be made evident, I may be excused from further remarks upon it, as the hope of its being at a future time useful, and the belief of its being proper to reflect upon it, are my apology for introducing it.

much from amenity of manners and the disposition to accommodate and oblige; for it is certain that an imperious administration, however strictly legal, alienates the affections and impairs the confidence of the people. In the discharge of my duties, and, as I trust, in that of yours, this view will be a leading one.

With the federal government we have a most intimate relation, and the reflection must cost us all much anxiety, that if that government shall swerve from the pure principles of our revolutionary patriots, the sheet anchor of the safety of all this confederacy will be lost. Although we have an appropriate sphere of action within which our cares will be principally employed; yet it is one of our highest duties to add to the disposition to do right in that sphere, the vigilance over the common concerns of the Union which will lead us to give it all the security and aid we can afford. We are bound under our responsibility to God and man to repel every invasion of the Constitution of the United States, whether by the direct force of usurping ambition or the artful approaches of construction. We have, therefore, the sacred duty devolved upon us to ascertain and defend the line of constitutional power; and for that purpose, we shall derive but little instruction from the eloquent declamations or ingenious essays of any who may demand an accumulation of power, because they wish to revel in its honors or to bask in its benefits. It is only requisite to hear the plain language of those who called the Constitution into existence as a rule for and a restraint on government. If an administration, or a party shall pass away we may be easily supplied again, but when the Constitution shall be undermined by construction, the people of the United States, as citizens of a republic, will be no more, and the best hopes of philanthropy will be extinguished.

Those occupying the stations in which we are placed must have been led by the holy nature of their trust to deep reflections on their duties, and to well settled rules for the government of their official conduct. Discarding the base motives and paltry objects of fictitious men, our aim, I am sure, will be to render the greatest possible service to the community, with as little evil as possible to any, even the humblest mortal who belongs to it. As beings whose official lives must be short, but whose consciences can never perish, we cannot rationally do otherwise.

In the discharge of the duties appropriate exclusively to the office I hold, the advice and testimony of others will often govern me. If any one, in this respect, shall deal with me dishonestly, the hard and heavy crime of injuring a republic, must rest on his soul forever, while mine shall be innocently free.

ENOCH LINCOLN.  
Portland, January 14th, 1827.

## THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, JANUARY 10, 1827.

Governor's Speech. We have the pleasure of laying before our readers in this paper, the Speech of Gov. LINCOLN. It is well worth a reading, and to most of our readers it will be interesting; but we sincerely hope, that he will not realize any of the fears expressed in the last paragraph of it.

COUNSELLORS. By the politeness of Hon. Reuel Washburn, we have received information that the following gentlemen were elected C. councillors on Friday last, viz: DANIEL WOOD—WILLIAM CHADWICK—JONATHAN THAYER—JOEL WELLINGTON—SAMUEL WHITNEY—ALEXANDER MCELLEN—and AMOS PATTEN.

We take this occasion to mention that we are under obligation to Hon. John Holmes, Senator in Congress, for the Documents which he has been pleased to furnish us.

THE ADMINISTRATION. When President ADAMS came into office, he came against great opposition; an opposition better furnished with talents than with principle. This band of opponents, though they were perhaps agreed in nothing else, were united against him, and ready on all occasions to concentrate their strength for the purpose of exciting jealousies and of casting impediments in his way. Although he took the Presidential Chair under circumstances the most embarrassing, he has pursued a straight-forward course, neither seduced by flattery on the one hand, nor driven from his purpose by calumny on the other. The fawning sycophant and the unprincipled traducer share alike in his contempt. He stands on an eminence, which creatures of this description cannot reach. He looks upon the smiles of the one and hears the curses of the other with an indifference worthy of his dignified station.

The policy of President ADAMS has been such, as time must and will show to be wise and salutary. His immediate advisers are certainly men of unquestionable integrity, substantial talents, and unadulterated republicanism; and all his acts bear the impress of his own wisdom, aided by that of his intelligent Cabinet. The friends of Mr. Adams may appeal to his opponents, to point to a single act of his administration that

does not sustain the dignity, the republicanism of the nation, with the most perfect confidence that none but a favorable answer can be given. We are not so short-sighted as to hope that the opposition will be silenced by the wisest and most discreet measures on the part of the President—enough has already transpired to satisfy reasonable men, that they are determined to be obstinate in spite of experience, and to cry crucify him, although he has done nothing worthy of death.

In the above remarks we protest against being misunderstood in the application of the term opposition. We by no means mean to include the many, very many upright citizens, who very honestly in the exercise of their judgment, and with the most patriotic views preferred Mr. Crawford; nor do we mean to speak otherwise than respectfully of Mr. Crawford. We know that among Mr. Adams' fast friends now we can number many who before his election would have preferred Mr. Crawford. But we mean that restless, office-seeking class of citizens, who, disappointed at their defeat, will now fasten on Jackson or Calhoun, or any body else, no matter how qualified or how unqualified, determined to exert every effort in pulling down Mr. Adams, and regarding no sacrifice as of any moment, even though it extend to the prostration of our Constitution.

A FAITHFUL OFFICER. Mr. Joseph Nourse, who is Register of the Treasury of the United States, has held that office for forty-five years in succession. He is a man respected by all who know him, and has stood the shock of party—few instances of continuance in responsible offices can equal this.

COUNTERFEIT CENTS. We learn from a Philadelphia paper, that counterfeit cents have made their appearance in that city, made of cast iron. It no doubt cost the ingenious rogue two cents to make one of them.

Northampton, Dec. 27.

STAGE DISASTER. A most distressing accident occurred about seven miles west of this place on Thursday evening last. The stage from Albany was overturned in Westhampton, and the passengers and driver, ten in all, were thrown with violence among the rocks. Two were killed, two had a bone broken, four were badly bruised, and two escaped unhurt. Mrs. Livingston, one of the wounded, with some difficulty reached the house of Mr. Jonas Brewer, about 20 rods distant, and gave notice of the disaster. A son of Mr. B. (Mr. B. was not at home,) repaired immediately to the fatal spot, where one of the most horrid spectacles that can be imagined presented itself—two horses were lying on the ground; the stage was dashed in pieces; among the fragments were two dying men, 3 or 4 persons severely wounded, and others less injured who had hardly recovered from the shock. The young man, assisted by Mr. Spencer Bridgman, who arrived soon after, placed those who were unable to walk, upon a buffalo skin and upon pieces of the stage, and drew them gently to the house of Mr. Brewer. The people of the neighborhood soon collected; messengers were despatched for surgeons; and the wounded were distributed to several houses in the vicinity—Mr. Brewer's, Mr. John Bates', Messrs. Elisha and Clark Bridgman's, and Messrs. Israel and Spencer Bridgman's, and from those benevolent families they received every kindness and attention. Dr. Hooker of Westhampton, and Drs. Flint, Barrett, and Jennison, of this town, soon arrived—set the broken bones, dressed the wounds, &c.

The following is a list of all those in the stage—3 males and 7 females: Eliab Jones the driver, a respectable young man, aged about 23, son of Mr. Eliab Jones of Chesterfield. He was so severely injured that he died in about 2 hours.

Charles Tower, aged about 18, son of the late Mr. Micah Tower, of this town, was shockingly bruised, and expired about 8 o'clock the next morning.

Mr. Goffe, of Milbury, Worcester County, had his thigh fractured—is doing well.

Miss Russell, of Chesterfield, had her shoulder badly broken, but is likely to recover.

Miss Sarah Dwight, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Dwight, of Belchertown, Mrs. Livingston, of Amsterdam, N. Y. (sister of Mrs. J. Dwight,) and her daughter 12 or 14 years old, were considerably injured. Mrs. L.'s infant child was unhurt. These four proceeded to Belchertown on Saturday.

Miss Delano, of New Braintree, was severely bruised, but is fast recovering—Miss Nye, of New Braintree, received no injury.

As the passengers were all shut up in the coach, and no one with the driver, it is impossible to ascertain the cause of this deplorable accident. The driver was a steady, careful young man, who had been employed on the same line 3 or 4 years. We cannot learn that any blame is to be imputed to him, or to the stage proprietors. There was a little snow upon the ground that fell a few hours before, and it is the opinion of many that the horses slipped, and inclining to the side of the road, brought all the wheels on one side of the angle of a swell or artificial ridge which crosses the road obliquely from the middle to the sides at the place of the disaster, and thus upset the carriage.

ANOTHER STAGE ACCIDENT. The Mail stage from New-York, was overturned

before day-light on Tuesday morning, a few miles this side of Philadelphia, and the driver instantly killed. Two other drivers who were in the coach, were thrown out. The skull of the one was fractured: the other received serious injury. The Philadelphia Gazette states that this accident is attributed to the oversight of some of the men in the turnpike company's employ, who placed a pile of stones intended for the repair of the road, in the very centre of the carriage-way.

SMALL POX. Considerable alarm has been created in several places, by the occurrence of cases of the Small Pox. This circumstance affords strong evidence of the disregard paid to one of the greatest blessings which a good Providence has bestowed upon mankind, in the discovery of that infallible preventive, the *Kine Pock*. It is the duty of influential persons, in every town, to call the public attention to the blessing, and to institute, at least once in eight or ten years, a general vaccination in the place. Those who recollect the consternation and stoppage of all business in this city for a month or more at a time, by the spread of small pox in former times, and when too, on account of the alarm, the Legislature was convoked at Concord, can only duly estimate the security our city enjoys, under the smiles of Providence, in the General Vaccinations which have twice taken place here within twenty years, and at a trifling expense. We are glad to see, that Taunton, and other places, have recently adopted the measure, and hope other towns will imitate their example. FRANKLIN has told us, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of remedy."

East. Cent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A communication from Waterford has been received, and will be inserted in our next.

## Married.

In this town, by Henry Rust, Esquire, Mr. Benjamin B. Sturdevant to Miss Nancy M. Frank.

In Fryeburg, Joseph Howard, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Limerick, to Miss Maria A. Dana, of the former place.

In Minot, by Rev. George Ricker, Doctor Ephraim K. Foss, of Leeds, to Miss Harriet Townsend, of the former place.

## TO DELINQUENTS.

WE are under the necessity of informing all such of our subscribers as are indebted for the OBSERVER for two years and upwards, that we are in great want of money, and must have it. We sincerely hope that this notice will not be disregarded; if it is, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of giving another, of a different kind.

Jan. 3.

## Post-Office Notice.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Norway, that he has removed the Post-Office to the building occupied as the Oxford Bookstore, and appointed ASA BARTON, Esq. Assistant Post Master, who will have charge of the Office. He also requests all such as are indebted to him for postage, to call immediately and pay the same.

WILLIAM REED, Post Master.

Norway, Jan. 8, 1827.

## LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Norway, Oxford County, Me. January 1st, 1827.

BUCK Peter—Bradbury Joseph—Caladwell John, 2—Dolley Joseph—Gamble David—Gammon Charles—Gamble Hamlin David—Hurd Frederic R.—Herring Benjamin—Lombard Paul, 2—Lord Samuel—Millett Samuel—McAllister John—Perry John—Sturtevant Benjamin B.—Selectmen of Norway—Tubbs Angier—Webber Abel, 3—Whitmarsh Ebenezer.

Persons calling for the above letters will please mention that they are advertised.

WILLIAM REED, Post Master.

## LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, Oxford Co. State of Maine, on the 1st of January, 1827.

DOLSTER Isaac—Blake Stephen—Chipman Simon—Dow Beniah, Woodstock—Dear John—Knight Nathaniel—Myrick Bezael—Pond Daniel, 2—Pike Hezekiah—Partridge Elias—Pratt Martin—Rayson Lyman—Rogers Edmund—Robinson Joel—Major—Russell Nathaniel—Shirriff Alva—Stowell Lewis B.—Sittes Mary—Stevens Sarah—Smith Antipas.

RUSSELL HUBBARD, Post Master.

## FOR SALE.

A good FARM, in the South part of Paris, on the Portland road, containing about 120 acres, a good House and Barn standing thereon, with a good Orchard, and other matters convenient.

Also—3 Lots of Land, in Foxcroft, County Penobscot.

Also—5 Lots in Woodstock, Oxford County.—This shelve was a part of the estate of the late Mr. Stephen Robinson, and will be sold on reasonable terms, by his heirs.

Apply to LEPT STOWELL.

Paris, January 6, 1827. tf 132

## STOVE FOR SALE.

A SECOND-HAND STOVE for sale. A Cheap—Inquire at the Oxford Bookstore.

Jan. 10.

CONSTANTLY for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Anderson's Cough Drops—Brown's Drops for Itis—Doctor Bell's Botanical Drops—Lee's Pills—Dean's Rheumatic Pills—Ich Ointment—Court Plaster—Shaving Soap—Wash Balls—Pomatum—Black Ball, &c.

Dec. 26.

## FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore.

ALMANACKS stitched in Marble Covers, with Blank Leaves.

ASA BARTON,  
AGENT FOR THE  
New-England Insurance Company,  
Capital 200,000 Dollars,  
continues to issue Policies at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the  
OXFORD BOOKSTORE,  
Norway, Jan. 1226.

## NO MISTAKE!!!

## BRADLEY & DOW

HAVE just received ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES of fine, superfine, blue, black, olive, claret, and mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

which are offered very low—say ten per cent. lower than "Auction Prices."

—ALSO—

50 pieces SATINETTS,

20 bales SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS,

with a general assortment of prime British and American

## Piece Goods,

all which they will sell at prices lower than ever before offered in this market, for "Sixteen Years."

Portland, Dec. 22.

9wis 131

## Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the

Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827.

Also, for sale by Messrs. Morse & Hall, Oren Shaw, Thomas Crocker, Esq. and Mr. John Dennett, Paris. Mr. Increase Robinson, Ichabod Bartlett, William Cox, Norway. Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., Nathan Atwood, John Loring, Esq. Buckfield. Cyrus Clark & Son, Turner.

Jan. 9.

## New Store & New Goods.

## B. WALES,

HAS established himself in business in this town, and has taken the store next to that occupied by MARK HARRIS, Esq. Middle-street, where he has just received an entire new and extensive Stock of

## GOODS,

comprising a heavy and general assortment of Drugs and Medicines, Paints & Dye-Stuffs, among which may be found the following articles—

## Drugs, Medicine, &c.

Gum Opium; Tart Emetic; Calomel; Castor; Columbo; Cantharides; Peruvian Bark; Antimony; Oil Peppermint, Oil Cloves, and all other Oils generally inquired for; Musk; Blue Pill; Gum Galbanum; Gaiubar, Rochelle, Epsom and Soda Salts; Flake Manna; Gum Arabic; Phos Iron; Gamboge; Myrrh; Aloes; Rhubarb; Piers; Pink Root; Cream Tartar; Sulphur; Red and White Precipitate; Quicksilver; Guaiacum; Valerian; Wormseed; Opodeldoo; British Oil; Prusic Acid; Spem Ceti; Camphor; Magnesia; Chamomile Flowers; Croton Oil; Cold Pressed Castor Oil, by the gallon or bottle; Gentian; Iceland Moss; Oatmeal; Fearlash; Salaratis; Arrow Root; Sago; Salop; Pearl Barley; and numerous other articles, which, together with a long catalogue of

## PATENT MEDICINES,

renders the assortment very full and complete—Also, *Surgons' Instruments*, such as Pocket Cases; Teeth Instruments; Lancets; Catheters; Amputating and Dissecting; Bougies; Trusses; Stomach Tubes, &c. &c.

## Paints, Oils, &c.

Dry and Ground White Lead; Red Lead; French Yellow; Black Lead; Stone Yellow; Rose Pink; Chrome Yellow; Umber; Ivory Black; Lamp Black; Vermillion; Glue; Venetian Red; Spanish Brown; Purple Brown; Verdigris; French Green; Paris White; Whiting; Lytharge; Pumice Stone; Rotten Stone; Drop Lake; Flake White; Blue Smalts; Prussian Blue; Blue, Purple and White Frostings; Sand Paper; Paint Knives; Paint Brushes; C. H. Pencils; White Wash Brushes; Orange Red; India Red; Distilled Verdigris; Linseed Oil; Spirits Turpentine; Copal Japan, and Bright Varnish; Gold, Silver and Brass Leaf; Silver and Copper Bronze; Gum Copal; Gum Shellack; Sugar of Lead; White Vitriol; Emery; Rosin; Dutch Pink; White and Red Chalk, &c.

## Dye Stuffs, &c.

Logwood; Redwood; Fustic; Nicaragua; Camwood; Alum; Coppers; Indigo; Blue Vitriol; Madder; Wood; Cudbear; Oil Vitriol; Aqua Fortis; Muratic Acid; Red Tartar; Nutgalls; Verdigris; Clothiers' Jacks; Screws; Cotton and Wool Cards; Iron Mortars.

Ground Logwood,

" Fustic,

" Redwood,

" Nicaragua,

" Camwood,

Otter; Rocoe; Tenter Hooks, &c.

Also—Saltpetre; Roll Brimstone; Stone Jugs; Stone Pots; Sponge; Gum Shellack and Ips Wine, for Hatters' use; Sweet Oil; LAMP OIL; Pepper; Pepper Sauce; SPICES of various kinds; Macaboy, Scotch, Aromatic, and Cephalic SNUFF; Tamarinds; Refined and Crude Borax; Coach Varnish; Junk Bottles by the Hamper; Bottle Corks; Lamps; Card Tacks; Host-a and Chelmsford WINDOW GLASS, of first and second qualities, and of various sizes.—B. W. being appointed Agent for the New-England Crown Glass Company, will sell their Glass at the lowest factory prices, and orders to any amount and for any size of Glass, will be executed at short notice. Glass constantly at retail.

Physicians, Clothiers, Hatters, Traders, and all others in want of any of the above articles, will find them of a genuine quality, and at fair prices for cash or credit.

Cash given for Beeswax, Mustard Seed, and Flax Seed.

Portland, Dec. 26.

3a 130

## Bridgewater Collection.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the BRIDGEWATER COLLECTION of Sacred Music, 16th edition.

Dec. 21.

## JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Rev. Mr. STURTEVANT'S

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Jan. 9.



## THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.  
ON THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time shook his glass,  
And said he must pass;  
And bring us another new year;  
He appear'd to joke,  
But soon as he spoke,  
Behold the brisk stranger was here.

To me and to others  
He seem'd like his brothers,  
As silent and quick in his pace—  
But naught could I see,  
That awaits you or me,  
The short twelve months of his race.

What attends his career,  
Although it be near,  
Not the wisest of mortals discovers;  
But doubtless to some,  
Gladness may come;  
But sorrow and grief to others.

Then let us take care,  
For changes prepare;  
Since no comfort abiding is here;  
To all I commend  
To make time their friend,  
If they wish for a happy new year.

If the past is lost,  
It is to our cost,  
Then let us in future be wise;  
Nor e'er be content  
Unless 'tis well spent,  
And bears good report to the skies.

If the best of time  
Be youth in its prime,  
The bright morning shall soon be o'er;  
The noon of our day  
Soon passes away,  
And soon will deprecate fourscore.

Let us seize to-day,  
And make no delay,  
In seeking a durable rest:  
No hatred or fears,  
Nor sighing or tears  
Enter the abodes of the blest.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;  
Pray!—Ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone;  
Captivity, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
Drearest now at set of sun;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh;  
Kindred by one holy tie;  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

## CARTER'S LETTERS.

[From the New-York Statesman.]

Marseilles, March, 1826.  
At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d inst., we left Marseilles in the Diligence, on an excursion to Nismes and Montpellier. For about half the distance to the former place, it was necessary to tread back the same road, which had been once traversed in coming from Avignon. But the advances of Spring and the rapid changes in vegetation, rendered a second view of this country by no means unpleasant, especially as the weather was now delightful. Abundant resources were found in the conversation of our three fellow travellers. Two of them were Spanish gentlemen, intelligent, friendly, polite, and extremely agreeable in their manners. Our sympathies were warmly excited in their favor, on learning that they had been driven from their country, in consequence of the active part they had taken on the side of the constitutionalists and against the legitimists, during the late troubles; and that they are still the enthusiastic advocates of free principles, entertaining a hope of the future emancipation of Spain. They spoke in terms of admiration of the liberty, greatness and glory of the United States, with the political history of which they seemed well acquainted. Finding their country overrun by the myrmidons of France, and the cause of the patriots hopeless, they took refuge at Marseilles, where they are now respectably established in business. I hardly thought it possible for me to entertain so much respect and esteem for the Spanish character, as a passing acquaintance with these gentlemen inspired.

But the most original and amusing of our coach companions was a Swiss Corporal, who was returning from Marseilles to join his regiment stationed at Nismes. His cheeks were as red as his coat, and his hair almost as white as the cotton epaulettes, which danced upon his shoulders.—From motives of economy and patriotism, he had taken with him, by way of rations, a bottle of light wine from his native hills, together with a plentiful supply of bread and sausage, converting one of the pockets of the Diligence into a knapsack. He was a great talker, and delighted to dwell on the romantic scenery of his own country—its mountains, lakes, and cataracts, with which he appeared to be familiar. Learning that we were from the United States, he made very particular inquiries respecting the Swiss colony at Vevey, in the State of Indiana, whither one of his relatives had emigrated, and was now a leading man in the settlement. It created in us not a

little interest in the prospect of an altern from the solitudes of Switzerland, should be far better versed in the geography of the United States, than are many of the editors, reviewers, and public functionaries of Europe. There was in his mind no confusion of States and Cities—that ass's bridge of English topographers. He did not with the British Admiralty, imagine the great Lakes of North America to be filled with salt water; nor was he, like the Mayor of a French city, till the last winter ignorant of the fact, that Gen. Washington is dead!

A gentleman at the table of the hotel, in a small village beyond Aix, where we dined, related a local anecdote of Napoleon, which was new to me. The Emperor, on his return from Elba to Paris, was apprised that the people in this vicinity were hostile, and had formed a determination to take his life as he passed. As it was impracticable for him to change his route, and he was not at this time prepared to encounter opposition however feeble, he had recourse to stratagem. Assuming the dress of a postillion, and mounting the forward horse, whip in hand, he drove through the village in safety, leaving his inhabitants to await in vain the arrival of the Imperial exile.

Nothing occurred to disturb the repose of our ride during the night, with the exception of one trifling incident. While the Diligence was pausing a few minutes to change horses at Orgon, the cessation of the lullaby of the coach, and the dull sound of the village clock striking two in the morning, awoke me from a confused dream about cataracts. I heard a sort of gurgling noise, which, in the dubious twilight of the mind between sleeping and waking, was mistaken for the murmurs of the Durance. It however proved to be nothing more than the Corporal, sucking away at his bottle, for which a slice of his sausage had given a relish. A becoming spirit of hospitality led him to arouse the whole circle of his fellow travellers, to invite them to partake of his soldier's fare.

Day dawned upon us at St. Remy, and at 6 o'clock we reached Tarascon, a considerable town situated upon the left bank of the Rhone, fifteen or twenty miles from its mouth. The only place of importance below this is Arles, the ancient capital of Provence, but now in the last stages of decline. A hand-bill signed by its Mayor, and inviting strangers to visit its antiquities, was observed posted up in the hotels at Marseilles. But even the novelty of this official invitation did not divert us from our route; and after examining the immense Gothic Casle of good King Rene, together with a few other curiosities at Tarascon, we continued our journey to Nismes. The Rhone is here crossed on a bridge of boats, some fifty or sixty in number, and moored by strong cables. A desolate island of sand divides the river into two channels of nearly equal breadth. The current though unbroken by rocks, is so rapid as to foam and roar like a cataract, bringing to mind the animated picture which Livy has drawn of Hannibal's passage of the same stream, some miles above.

On the right bank of the Rhone opposite Tarascon, stands Beaucaire, a place of great antiquity, with narrow, dirty streets, and old-fashioned houses. An arch in the wall, beneath which the road leads, is inscribed to Louis XIV.; and the rocky eminence overlooking the town is crowned with the massive ruins of a Castle, which once belonged to the same family. The country between Beaucaire and Nismes is rich and beautiful. On the right of the road rises a long range of picturesque hills, and towards the left stretches a broad, sunny plain, watered by pure streams, and smiling with tillage. In some places, orchards of olive extend as far as the eye can reach, clothing the hills in perpetual verdure. The olive however cannot be called a very beautiful tree. In form, size, and foliage, it bears a strong resemblance to the willow. Its lance-form leaves are of a pale or whitish green, giving a peculiar aspect to the landscape. Intermixed with these verdant orchards, are the mulberry, almond, and vine, together with patches of grass and grain. Both the fertility of the soil and the neatness of cultivation, gave us a favorable opinion of the Province of Languedoc.

At nine in the morning we entered Nismes, and took lodgings at the Hotel de Luxembourg. It occasioned not a little surprise, to meet at the very threshold two of our countrymen, one from Troy, (N.Y.) and the other from Philadelphia, who had come from Paris by the way of Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Montpellier, and were about to visit Avignon, Vaucluse, Marseilles and Toulon, completing the tour of the South of France. They had been here a day or two, and were able to give us a clue to

\* An English officer who served in the Niagara campaigns, informed me, that during the late war, the British Admiralty sent to Commodore Yeo a large number of machines, to be used on board his fleet, for converting the salt-water of the lakes into fresh. The other instance of gross ignorance, alluded to above, actually occurred a few months since. The Mayor of a town in the vicinity of Paris, asked one of our countrymen, with some degree of surprise, if Washington was dead! In truth, the great mass of the people in Europe know next to nothing of America.

some useful hints respecting the residue of our excursion towards the Pyrenees. Our notes of objects worth seeing in the vale of the Rhone were cheerfully given in exchange. Such a meeting was as pleasant as it was unexpected.

Having taken breakfast and parted with our friends, hoping to join them again at Marseilles, we at once commenced a survey of the town. In passing from the Hotel to the Amphitheatre, our attention was arrested by a military parade, on a beautiful area surrounded by a terrace.—Nismes is full of troops, owing to suspicions entertained of the loyalty and orthodoxy of its inhabitants. It has long been the seat of protestantism and ecclesiastical feuds. At times the most horrid atrocities have here been perpetrated; and the reigning dynasty entertain fears of the leaven of heresy mingled in the religious sentiments of the people. Hence the town at present resembles a fortified camp. Every fifth man is a soldier. In the appearance and discipline of the troops no striking peculiarities were observed. The Corporal was already at his post, busy in drilling his platoon, and apparently the most ambitious of displaying his skill in tactics, for having perceived two of his fellow-passengers among the spectators.

The great object of attraction at Nismes is the Amphitheatre, which next to the Coliseum itself is said to be the most stupendous and the most interesting of Roman antiquities. In point of preservation, it claims a superiority even over its rival upon the banks of the Tiber. Its situation is on an open area, with no obstructions to prevent its colossal proportions from meeting fully the eye and striking the beholder with astonishment. The inhabitants of the town certainly deserve much credit for the pains they have taken to preserve this gigantic ruin; for clearing away the foreign rubbish with which it was formerly incumbered; and for removing the buildings about it, so as to present a perfect view. Its arena once contained a little village, consisting of something like fifty dwellings, and a population of 2000—a fact which will give some idea of its dimensions. In the year 1809, all these houses and shops with their tenants were removed by the public authorities, and the arena has been restored to the condition in which it was left by the Romans. Within a few years the falling pillars and arches have been repaired with so much taste and judgment, that it is difficult for the eye to distinguish the portions that have been added.

The form of this immense pile is an exact oval, the longest diameter of which, extending from east to west, is about 450 feet, the transverse something like 350, and the height of its walls 70 feet, consisting of two stories besides an attic. It is built of large blocks of stone, admirably adjusted together without mortar, and originally bound by iron clamps, which have been pillaged by its barbarous assailants. Round the parapet masts were erected to support an awning for protecting the audience from the inclemencies of the weather. Its four entrances correspond with the cardinal points of the compass; and over the portals are some remains of Roman sculpture, such as the wolf nursing her regal boys. It was sufficiently spacious to accommodate seventeen thousand spectators, nearly half the present population of Nismes. Its size furnishes a strong argument, to prove the extent of the ancient town, which in the day of its glory was called a second Rome.

Having walked round and examined this astonishing fabric from the ground, we climbed to its top, and standing upon its battlements indulged in that train of associations, which the ruin readily awakens. What scenes of gaiety and pleasure were here exhibited some sixteen or eighteen hundred years ago, when the benches were thronged with the beauty and fashion of the provincial capital; and when the arena was enlivened by the combats of gladiators, the spectacle of human beings condemned to encounter ferocious beasts, or the more polished amusements of dramatic representations, intermingled with the song and dance! How had these crumbling arches once rung with applause—these dark recesses once blazed with the splendors of the fete! What a contrast with the silence and desolation which now reign through the dreary habitations of the owl and the bat!

Other reflections not less interesting are suggested by this splendid monument of other ages. For a period of near two thousand years, during which other edifices and even empires have risen and fallen to decay, these solid ramparts, like the works of nature herself, have withstood the shock of war, the assaults of barbarians, and the silent devastations of time. In the fifth and sixth centuries, the Amphitheatre became a citadel, which was frequently taken and retaken by the Franks, the Visigoths, and Saracens; and in the year 737, the celebrated Charles Martel made a formal attempt to demolish its walls by fire, the traces of which are yet visible. But the fury of its savage conquerors spent itself in vain against the durable monument of a nation, whose legions, whose fortresses and works of art in other cases proved less

finds an image of Rome herself, prostrate in the dust, yet great even in ruins.

## Pay your Postage.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber for Postage of Newspapers, are requested to pay the same before the 15th day of January next. Persons who find receipts where their respective papers are left. It is hoped that all interested will observe the above notice, as all accounts which may remain unsettled, will be left with an Attorney immediately after the expiration of the time above specified.  
PHILIP C. MASON.  
Paris, Dec. 12, 1826. 130

## J. HASKELL,

HAS recently opened an extensive Stock

## CAPS,

of various kinds and prices.

## BEAVER BONNETS,

Drab and Black.

## Buffalo Robes.

## PLUMES.

## FUR TRIMMING.

## Ostrich Trimming.

## Fur Gloves & Moccasins.

Also—A large stock of

## HATS

of his own Manufacture, warranted equal to any in New-England.

No. 2, Bay's Buildings, Middle-street, two doors from Exchange-street.

Portland, Dec. 6, 1826. 6w 128

Lately published and for sale at the

## THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

## CLASS BOOK,

EMBRACING the leading facts and principles of science, illustrated by engravings, with many difficult words explained at the heads of the lessons, and questions annexed for examination, designed as exercises for reading and study of the higher classes in common schools.

—ALSO—  
EASY LESSONS—For the use of the younger classes in common schools.  
Jan. 3.

## FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the Homestead FARM of the late Elijah Bates, situated in Paris, containing about 160 acres of Land, consisting of due proportions of Woodland, Mowing, Pasture, Orchard, and Tillage; has a convenient one story House, a good sized Barn, out buildings, &c. Said Farm is well watered, well fenced with Stone Wall, and in other respects, in a good state of repair, and cuts from 25 to 30 tons Hay annually.

Also—100 acre Lot, with some improvements, adjoining said Farm, will be sold with, or without the Farm, as may suit the purchaser.—Persons desirous of purchasing valuable Real Estate, would do well to examine. Any further information may be had by calling on the subscriber.

Unless the above be sold at private sale, it will be sold at Auction on the premises, on Wednesday the 14th of February next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. At the same time and place, will be sold at Auction, the following articles of Personal Property, belonging to the estate:

## 500 bushels POTATOES:

A quantity of CORN and GRAIN;

Several tons HAY;

And sundry other Articles.

Terms of Sale—Liberal, and will be made known at the time and place of Sale.

ASAPH KITTLEDGE, Adm'r.

Paris, Dec. 7, 1826.

—All persons indebted to the above Estate, whose terms of credit has expired, are requested to settle the same previous to that time.

## BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, John Whipple, of Hocksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with Fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a trial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since.  
Hocksett, June, 1823.

For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the Oxford Bookstore.

## FOR SALE

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

150 Bushels Good CORN;

500 do. do. RYE;

100 do. do. WHEAT.

—ALSO—

60 M. good Laying SHINGLES;

which will be sold low for Cash or Six Months' Credit, and security.

JOHN R. BRIGGS.

Wichituck, Oct. 30, 1826. 6w 122

## ANDERSON'S COUGH DROPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of this invaluable Medicine for the Cure of Coughs and Consumption, has just been received, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, both in large and small bottles.—It is deemed wholly unnecessary to insert any of the numerous certificates given in favor of this truly valuable Medicine, as the numerous calls for it by the admitted fully test the estimation in which it is held by the public.

Price—Large bottles, one dollar.—Small do. fifty cents.

Jan. 3.

Just received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Goodale's Spelling Books, new edition—Young's Hymns, 4th edition—Universal Hymn Books, new kind—Smith and Jones' Hymns, &c.

Also—Ingersoll's Grammar, abridged, for the use of schools.

Linnæus—Brown's History of Universal

Jan. 3.

## PROBATE NOTICE—Extra.

IN consequence of the ill health of the Judge of Probate, the Probate Courts appointed to be holden at Waterford, in the County of Oxford, on the Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday of January, and at Frysburg, on the 3d Tuesday of January next, are adjourned to the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next.

Per order of the Judge,  
THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

Paris, Dec. 19, 1826. \*130

## OPODELDOC.

THE subscriber has been appointed agent for selling Johnson's Opoedloc—both at wholesale and retail. Physicians, Traders, and others, can be supplied on the most reasonable terms.

ASA BARTON.

## NEW STORE.

## New Goods.

JOSEPH HARROD

IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive assortment of

English, French, India,

& American

## PIECE GOODS.

—LIKEWISE—

A great variety of Common, Fine, Super and Extra Superfine

Ridderminster Carpetings,

with Medallion and Drop Figures.

VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR

CARPETS,

PLAIDED WOOL,

Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—

Dutch Bolting Cloths,

from No. 4, to 12,

At the NEW STORE, corner of Exchange and Middle-streets.

Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. 6w 125

## SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

FOR CAUSE to Warrants from HENRY

RUSSELL, Esq. Treasurer of the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Townships of unimproved Lands in the County of Oxford, for the following County Tax for the years of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four and twenty-five, viz:—

Township No. 2, Letter A, for 1824, 6 65

do. do. for 1825, 7 60

do. No. 2, 2 Range, for 1825, 6 14

do. No. 4, 3 Range, for 1825, 5 60

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, on SATURDAY the Tenth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County.

Helron, Dec. 16, A. D. 1826. 6w \*129

## PROPOSALS for printing by subscription, a Book, entitled, An

Apology for believing in Universal Reconciliation: Or, An Appeal from the inferior court of Bigotry, Superstition, Ignorance, and Unbelief—to the supreme court of Proper Candor, Sound Reason, Good Understanding, and True Faith.

Also, A Key to the Book of Revelation, and short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

CONDITIONS.—The Book to contain about 200 pages of small 12mo. The price to Subscribers, if bound, 62-2 cents, but if I sell bound, 50 cents; to be paid when the Books are delivered. Those who subscribe for 3, to have the 9th gratis, and those who subscribe for 48, to have 8 gratis, and so for any higher number.

As the author is out of health, so that he cannot go abroad to do business; and as the work cannot be printed till subscriptions are obtained sufficient to meet the expenses: To solicit his friends and brethren, to use their endeavors to obtain subscriptions for said work, and forward the same to him in Buckfield, or to Buckfield Village, by the first of February next.

Subscriptions for the above Work, will be received at the Oxford Bookstore.

## SCHOOL BOOKS

## AND

## Stationary.

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

BATES' U.S. Grammar, Adams', Gold-

smith's, Woodbridge's and Worcester's

GRAMMAR AND ARITH; Cummings' Easy

Lesson; Perre's, Walker's, and Johnson's

DICTIONARIES; Murray's, Fiske's, and Ingersoll's GRAMMARS; Young Ladies' Arithmetic; Whipple's Compend, with Questions and Answers; English Reader; American

Preceptor; Columbian Grammar; Murray's Introduction; Murray's Sequel; Evangelical Instructor; Museum; Student's Companion, new edition; Fiske's, Walker's, Bezaud's and Kane's ARITHMETICS; Webster's and Goodale's SPELLING BOOKS; Scholastic's First Book; with most School Books used in this part of the State.—All of which will be sold cheap, either by the dozen or single.

Also—Writing and Copying Books; Quills; Ink Powder; Slates and Pencils; Paper, &c.

Jan. 2.

## The Observer

Is published every Wednesday afternoon by

ASA BARTON.

(For the PROPRIETORS.)

At \$2.00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1/2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

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